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THE LAST BACHELOR.

It was on New Year's Eve in 1820, that
twelve young professional men sat around the
table of a club room at supper. The cloth had
been removed, and nothing was left upon the
mahogany but an expressive black bottle, and a
single tin spirituelle looking glass to each mem-
ber.

The Old South struck eleven, and the last
hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious
welcome.

"A bumper, gentlemen," said Harry St. John
the "sad dog" of the club, "brim your beakers,
my friends, and let every man be under the ta-
ble when the feast of the old year passes over."

"No, no!" timidly remonstrated Ernest Gour-
lay, a pale graduate just from the University, who
sat modestly at the bottom of the table, "no, no!
it is a sad hour not a merry one!" Cork the
bottle till after twelve! We have lost too many
hours of the year to throw away the last!—
Let us be rational till the clock strikes, at least,
and then drink if you will. For my part, I
never pass these irrevocable periods without a
chill at my heart. Come, St. John, indulge
me this time! Push back the bottle!" The
dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as
he looked around, and the wild spirits of the
club were sobered for a moment—only!

"Good advice," said Fred Esperel, a young
physician, breaking the silence, "but, like my
own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink
morale, I say. There are times and places
enough when we must be grave. I, for one,
will never mope when I can be merry; what
say you, O'Lavender? Fill your glass and trump
my philosophy."

"Smother me! but you're all wrong," hiccup-
ped the dandy, who was always sentimental in
his cups, "Gourlay, there, I am shocked at
your atrocious error, by the way, Ernest—
Gourlay is nearer to it—but but he smacks of
his vocation! No preening, let us be—pass
the bottle! Tom—oh, send for a dozen
'white-top,' and when the clock strikes twelve
—how those olives make me stutter!—seal it
up, solemnly, for the last surviving mem-
ber—solemnly, I say!"

"What's the use," thundered Tom Corliss,
who, till the third bottle, had not spoken a
word, and from sundry such symptoms was
strongly suspected to be in love, "who would
drink it? not I, faith! What sit down when
even such fellows sleep without their pillows
to drink! It's an odd taste of yours, my dear
marooned! It would be much better to treas-
ure that which, and seal a bottle of vinegar
for the last bachelor!"

The proposition was received with a univer-
sal shout of approbation. The vinegar was or-
dered, with pen ink and paper. Gourlay wrote
out a bond by which every member bound him-
self to drink it, in case it fell to his lot, on the
night the last man, save himself, was married;
and after passing round the table, it was laid
aside with its irregular signatures, till twelve.
As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the
bottle, and after a somewhat thoughtful bumper,
the host was called, and the deposit with its
document was formally charged to his keeping.

It was on the last night of 1830, that a gen-
tleman, slightly corpulent, and with here and
there a gray hair about his temples, sat down
alone at the club table in — Street, with a
dusty bottle and single glass before him. The
rain was beating violently against the windows,
and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his
hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn
toes of the Old South, striking eleven, reached
his ear. He started, and seizing the bottle,
held it up to the light, with a contraction of the
muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust
quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant
who waited his pleasure.

"You may leave the room, William," said he,
and as the door closed, he drew from his pocket
a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a num-
ber of letters, and threw them impatiently on
the table. After sitting a moment and tighten-
ing his coat about him in the manner of one
who screws up his resolution with some diffi-
culty he filled his glass from the bottle, and
drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.

"Phil! it cut like a sword. And so here I am
—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten
years ago, this night. How fresh it is in my
mind! Ten years, since I put the seal on that
bottle with my own hand. It seems impossi-
ble. How distinctly I remember those dozen
rascally Benedicts who are laughing at me to-
night seated round this very table, and roaring
at my proposition! All married—St. John,
Fred Esperel, and little Gourlay, and to-night,
last of all, O'Lavender has got before me—
And I am—it's useless to deny it—the old
bachelor. I, Tom Corliss, that am as soft in

my nature as a 'milk diet'! I, that could fall
in love any time in my life, from mere propin-
quity! I, that have sworn—and broken—more
vows than Mercury! I, that never saw a bright
eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a
treble voice without making love presently to its
owner! I, Tom Corliss, an old bachelor!

Was it for this I flirted with you, —?
Was it for this I played shadow three nights
successively to you, —? Was it
for this, oh —, that I flattered you into
pursuing a fortnight to keep up the illusion? Was
it for this I foreswore laughter, oh serious —,
and smothered your mother with moral
saws? Was it for this, I say, that I have
dined with time-out-of-mind—wall-flowers and
puckered my wits into birth-day rhymes, and
played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly
at an unknown expense for new kersermers
and bridal serenades? Oh, Tom Corliss!—
thou hast beaten the bush for every body, but
hast caught no bird thyself!

And so, they have each written me a letter,
as they promised. Let me see:

DEAR TOM—How is the hippocrene? I think
I see you with the bottle before you! Who
would have dreamed that you would drink it?
I am married as you know, and my children
sing 'we are seven.' I am very happy—very.
My wife—you know her—is a woman of edu-
cation, and knows every thing. I can't say
but she knows too much. Her learning does
pester me now and then—I confess I think if I
were to marry again, it would be a woman that
didn't read Greek. Farewell, Tom. Merry
and be virtuous. Yours, HARRY.

N. B. Never marry a 'woman of talents.'
Ha! ha! 'happy—very happy.' Humbug
my dear Harry! Your wife is as blue as vir-
ulent as verdigris, and you are the most unhap-
py of Benedicts. So much for your crowing.
We'll see another:

TOM, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel-wrap-
ped, forsaken, fidgety bachelor! drink thy vin-
egar and grow amiable! Here am I, blest as
Abraham. My wife is the most innocent—that's
her fault, by the way—the most innocent creature
that lives. She loves me to a foolish de-
gree. She has no opinion but mine, no will of
her own—except such as I give her, you un-
derstand—no faults, and no prominent propen-
sities. I am as happy as I can expect in this
sad world. Merry, Tom, merry. 'The world
must be peopled.' Thine ever, FRED.

N. B. Do not marry a woman that is re-
markable for her 'simplicity.'
I envy not thee, Fred Esperel! Thy wife
is a fool, and thy children, egregious ninnyms,
every one? Thou wouldst give the whole bunch
of thy curlew heads for thy liberty again—
O'ercome me:

TOM, my lad, get married! 'Matrimony,'
you know, 'is like Jeremiad's figs, the good ve-
ry good'—the rest of the quotation is im-
portant. My wife is the prettiest woman in the parish.
I wish she was 'in, by the way!—my house is
the resort of all the gay fellows about town.
I'm quite the thing—my wife, is, that is to say
—every where. I am excessively happy—ex-
cessively—assure yourself of that. I grow
thin, they say, but that's age. And I've lost
my habit of laughing, but that's proper, as I'm
warden. On the whole, however, I'm tolerably
contented, and I think I shall live these ten years
if my wife settles down, as she will, you know.
God bless you, Tom. How is the vinegar?—
Well, merry! mind that. Yours always, G.
N. B. I would 'n't marry a beauty, Tom.

Poor Gourlay! His wife's a belle, and he's
as jealous as Bluebeard—dying absolutely of
corrosion. It's ending him up by inches—
Hang the letters! they make me melancholy.
One more, and I'll throw the boding things in-
to the fire:

MY SWEET TOM—I hope the gods have
promised thee a new weanand. The vinegar
improves, doubtless, by age. It must be a sat-
isfaction, too, that it is nectar of your own bot-
tling. Here I am, the happiest dog that is cou-
pled. My wife—I took warning from Gourlay
—is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's
not handsome, heaven knows—I wish she was a
trifle prettier—but she's as good as Dorcas—
Ah! how we walk and talk evenings. I pre-
fer that time, as I can imagine her pretty when
I do not see her, you know, Tom. And low
we sit in the dim light of the boudoir, and gaze
at each other's just perceptible figure, and sigh!
Ah, Tom! marry, and be blest, as I am!
Yours truly, PHIL.

P. S. Marry a woman that is at least pre-ty,
Tom.

The gods forbid that I should marry one
like yours, Phil! She is enough to make one's
face ache! And so you are all discontented—
one's wife is too smart, another's too simple,
another's too pretty, another's too plain! And
what might not mine have been, had I too been
irreparably a husband!

Well—I am an 'old bachelor.' I did not
think it though, till now. And as it is my lot,
with all my peculiar fitness for matrimony, with
all my dreams of woman, my romance, my skill
in philandering, is it my lot to be laid on the
shelf, after all? Am I to be stumped by six-
teen as a bore, to be pointed at by schoolboys
as an old bachelor, to be invited to superannu-
ated tea-drinkings, to be quizzed with solicita-

tions for founding hospitals, to be asked of my
rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recom-
mended to warm chairs? The gods pity me!

But not so fast! What is the prodigious
difference! What if I were married! I should
have to pay for a whole house instead of a part,
to feed heaven knows how many mouths instead
of one, to give up my whole bed for a half or a
quarter, to dine at another's hour and not my
own, to adopt another's friendships and submit
my own to her pleasure, to give up my nap af-
ter dinner for a romp with a child, to turn my
library into a nursery, and my quiet fire into a
Babel, to call on my wife's cronies, and dine my
wife's followers, and humor my wife's palate, at
the expense of my own cronies, followers, and
palate. 'But there's domestic felicity,' says
the imp at my elbow, 'and interchange of sen-
timent, and sweet reliance, and the respectabil-
ity of a man with a family, and duty to the
state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort,
and attention, and love.' Prizes in a lottery—
all! and a whole life the price of a ticket!

And why not live single, then. What should
I have then, which I cannot have now. Com-
pany at my table? I can have it when I like,
and what is better, such as I like. Personal
attention? Half a wife's pin-money will pur-
chase the most assiduous. Love? What need
have I of that? or how long does it last when
it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my
heart that will canker if it is not spent? Have I
affections that will gnaw like hunger if they are
not fed. Must I love and be beloved? I think
not. But this is the rub, if there be one
—I'll look to this the first day I feel metaphys-
ical.

THE HARPE'S HEAD.

A Legend of Kentucky; by James Hall. The
following is an extract from this late work of
the gifted author of "Letters from the West."

The Camp was again crowded with Indian
warriors; the party which had gone in pursuit
of the fugitives was returned; they had over-
taken Colonel Hendrickson, and that unfortu-
nate gentleman was again prisoner. His fate
was now sealed. The determination which
had originally been formed of carrying him to
the village of the captors, to be publicly sacri-
ficed, was now abandoned; and the savages
determined to gratify their eager thirst for his
blood, by torturing him at the stake, without fur-
ther delay. He was again bound, and prepara-
tions were made for the awful solemnity. Some
of the savages employed themselves in painting
their faces and bodies, to render them the more
terrible; others whetting the edges of their tom-
ahawks and knives; and some were endeavor-
ing to excite their own passions, and those of
their companions, to the utmost pitch of fury,
by hideous yelling, by violent gesticulations, and
by pouring out bitter execrations upon their de-
lenceless prisoner.

"I saw you in the dark and bloody ground,"
said one, drawing the back of his knife, in mock-
ery, across the throat of the victim—"You killed
my brother there, and I will have your
heart's blood!"

"You slew my son," shrieked a hoary-head-
ed savage; "his bones lie unburied in the vil-
lages of the white men, his scalp is hanging over
the door of your wigwam—but his spirit shall
rejoice in the agonies of your death!"

"You led the warriors of your tribe to battle,"
exclaimed a young warrior, as he flourished his
tomahawk over the veteran pioneer, "when the
long knives met the red men on the banks of
the river—my father fell there—your foot was
on his neck—I will trample on your mangled
body. The wolf shall feed upon your flesh—
the bird of night shall flap her wings over your
carcass, and the serpent shall crawl about your
bones!"

"Revenge is sweet!" shouted one.
"Revenge! revenge!" echoed many voices.
"It is good, and pleasing to the spirit of
the warrior, to witness the death-pang of the
enemy he hates!" exclaimed another human
monster.

"The white man is our enemy!"

"He is the serpent that stung our fathers!"

"He is the prowling fox that stole away our
game!"

"He is the hurricane that scattered our wig-
wams and destroyed our cornfields!"

"He drove us from our hunting grounds,
and trampled in scorn on the bones of our fathers!"

"His knife has drank the blood of the red
man; the blood of our women and children is
on his hands!"

"Let him perish in torture!"

"Let him be slowly consumed in torture!"

"The great spirit will laugh when he sees
the white man withering in agony!"

"The spirits of our fathers will rejoice—they
will shout and clap their hands in the vortex
of shades when they hear the shrieks of the
white warrior."

These exclamations were uttered severally
by different individuals, in the Indian tongue,
with which Colonel Hendrickson was acquaint-
ed, in the emphatic tones of savage declama-
tion, and with that earnestness of gesticulation,
which renders their eloquence so impressive.
There were others who addressed the victim in
coarser language, loading him with approbrious

epithets, and pouring out in the bitterness of
their malignant hearts, copious streams of vil-
lar invective. And now the wood was piled
about the victim; torches were lighted, and
blazing brands snatched from the fire, and the
hellish crew, flourishing them around their heads,
dancing around the prisoner with that malignant
joy, with which the devils and damned spirits
may be supposed to exult in the agonies of a
fallen soul.

At length a chief stepped forward and com-
manded silence. "White man said he, are you
ready to die?"

"I am!" replied the brave Kentuckian, in a
calm tone: "the white man's God has whispered
peace to my soul."

"Can the God of the white man save you
from torture? Can he prevent you from feel-
ing pain when your flesh shall be torn, when
your limbs shall be separated from your body,
and the slow flames shall scorch without con-
suming your miserable carcass?"

"Ally God is a merciful God," replied the un-
daunted prisoner; "his ear is ever open to the
prayers of those who put their trust in him.
He has filled my heart with courage. I have
no fear of death—blessed forever be the Lord
God of Israel!" Then raising his eyes upward,
he exclaimed, with devout fervor, "Make haste,
O Lord, to deliver me; make haste to help me,
O Lord. Let them be ashamed and confound-
ed that seek after my soul: let them be
turned backward, and put to confusion, that de-
sire my heart!"

Virginia, who had thus far endeavored to re-
strain her feelings, now rushed forward and
gliding rapidly through the circle of warriors,
tore herself upon her uncle's bosom, exclaim-
ing in frantic accents, "Let us die together!"
while Mr. George Lee, who had gazed on the
preceding scene with stupid wonder, sought to
follow her, determined to share her fate. Be-
ing prevented, he swore that it was the most in-
famous transaction he ever witnessed, and that if
he got back to old Virginia, he would have sat-
isfaction at the risk of his life.

And now the whole fury of the savage ban-
d was ready to be poured upon their devoted but
heroic prisoner, when the report of a single rifle
rang through the woods, and the chief who
stood alone, received a death wound.

Saltpetre. It is with no small degree of sur-
prise that I observe in your paper a communica-
tion from Prof. Rafinesque, in which the use of
Saltpetre, for the purpose of preserving meat, is
condemned in the strongest terms. A commu-
nication from such a source will be received by
a great mass of the community as a fact, with-
out inquiring whether it be so or not; and as
the article in question is most palpably erro-
neous, I feel it to be due the public that its errors
should be exposed. In the first place it stated
that "the part of saltpetre absorbed by the meat
is nitric acid or aquafortis, is a deadly poison,"
than which nothing can be more erroneous. If
Prof. R. can decompose nitrate of potassa (salt-
petre or nitre) by means of an animal muscle,
he has gone one step farther in chemistry than
any other person. On the same principle may
we say that common salt is decomposed, and
that the part which enters the meat is muriatic
acid, as powerful a poison nearly as aquafortis.
Mr. Rafinesque states that he "never could un-
derstand why this substance was added to com-
mon salt in curing meat, except that it is said to
look better." As this is not the object of the
nitre, I will briefly state its use. By the addi-
tion of a small quantity of it, the meat is pre-
vented from absorbing a far greater amount of
common salt, while at the same time, it is equal-
ly as liable to "keep," and in consequence of
this diminished quantity of salt, the meat is ren-
dered more tender, and retains its original sweet-
ness to a far greater degree than it otherwise
would. I would not, however, recommend a
large quantity of saltpetre, as it would thus
prove injurious instead of beneficial.—About
four ounces to every 100 lbs. of meat will be
amply sufficient. At the same time a small
quantity of refined sugar will materially add to
its sweetness.—N. Y. Farmer.

To make Salt Butter Fresh.—Put four lbs.
of salt butter into a churn with four quarts of
new milk, and a small portion of ammonia.
Churn them together, and in about an hour
take out the butter, and treat it exactly as fresh
butter, by washing it in water and adding the
customary quantity of salt. This is a singular
experiment. The butter gains about three
ounces in each pound, and is in every respect
equal to fresh butter. It would be greatly im-
proved by the addition of two or three ounces
of fine sugar, in powder. A common wooden
churn answers the same purpose as a wooden
one, and may be purchased, at any pot shop.

[Genesee Farmer.]

[From the Washington Globe.]

We extract from Mr. Jefferson's argument
in the Bature case, the following observations.
They show conclusively the opinion of that pa-
triarh of Liberty, on the removal of intruders
and the rights resulting, as well in the general
nature of government as from the provisions of
a positive act of Congress. The doctrine that
intruders upon public lands, cannot be removed
by military force, derives no support from the
conduct and opinions of the Government, when
it was administered by as able and upright men,
as ever occupied public stations in our coun-
try.

"In fact, if the immediate entry was permit-
ted by the English law, and our own, we tho't
we might, a fortiori, conclude it permitted by
those of the Province. We had before us too
the example of many of the States, and of the
General Government itself, which have never
hesitated to remove by force the squatters and
intruders on the public lands. Indeed, if the
nation were to put an action against every squat-
ter, for the recovery of their lands, we should
only have lawsuits, not lands for sale. While
our troops are on parade, should intruders take
possession of their barracks, and shut the doors,
are they to remain in the open air till an action,
or even a writ of forcible entry replace them
in their quarters? If, in the interval of a daily
adjournment, intruders take possession of the
Capitol, may not Congress take their seats again
till an inquisition and posse shall re-introduce
them? Let him who can, draw a line between
these cases. The correct doctrine is, that so
long as the nation holds lands in its own posses-
sion, so long they are under the jurisdiction of
no court, but by special provision. The United
States cannot be sued. The nation, by its
immediate Representatives, administers justice
itself to all who have claim on its public prop-
erty. Hence the numerous petitions which
occupy so much of every Session of Congress,
in cases which have not been confided to courts.
But when once they have granted lands to in-
dividuals, then the jurisdiction over them com-
mences. They fall then into the common mass
of matter justiciable before the courts. If the
public has granted lands to B which were legal
property of A, A may bring his action against
B, and the courts are competent to do him
justice. The moment B attempts to take pos-
session of A's lands, the writ of forcible entry,
the action of trespass or ejectment, and the
Chancery process furnishes him a choice of
remedies. The holders of property, therefore,
are safe against individuals, by the law; and
they are safe against the nation, by its own jus-
tice: and all the alarm which some have en-
deavored to excite on this subject, have been
merely ad captandam populum. As if the
people would not be safe in their own hands, or
in those of their representatives; or safer in
the hands of irresponsible judges, than of per-
sons elected by themselves annually or bienni-
ally. The truth is, no injury can be done to
any man by another acting either in his own or
a public character, which may not be redressed
by application to the proper organ to which that
portion of the administration of justice has been
assigned.

"Our third, and conclusive remedy was that
prescribed by the Act of Congress of 1807, c
91, to prevent settlements on lands ceded to
the United States. The Executive had been
indulgent, perhaps remiss, in not removing
squatters from the public lands; under the gen-
eral principles of law before explained and ha-
bitually acted on. This Act therefore was a
recent call on them to a more vigilant perfor-
mance of their duty, in the special district of
country ceded to them by France, with some
modifications of its exercise on previous set-
tlers. The Act has two distinct classes of in-
truders in view. 1. Those who, before the
passing of the Act, had possessed themselves of
the lands, and were actually resident on them
at the time of passing it; and 2d. Those who
should take possession after the passage of the
Act. 1. With respect to the class of intru-
ders before the passage of the Act, and the 2d
section provides that, on renouncing all claim,
they may obtain, from the register or recorder,
permission to remain on the lands, extending
their occupation to 320 acres, sec. 3, permis-
sions are to be recorded; but sec. 4, those
not obtaining permission are, on three months
notice, to be removed by the Marshall."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THREE DAYS LATER.

By the ship Grafton, Capt. Crowell, at this port, from Liverpool, we have received, London papers of the 8th, and Liverpool of the 9th ult.—[Boston Post.]

London, Oct. 8. We received last night by express the Parisian journal, of Sunday and Monday. They are still occupied with the affairs of Spain, which appear to engross the public attention in the French capital, almost exclusively of other matter of every description, foreign or domestic. We are now furnished with extracts from the Madrid Gazette of the 5th ult., announcing officially the death of King Ferdinand the Seventh, and the dispositions ordered by the Queen in consequence; but contain no facts relating to Spain, except the announcement that the Marquis de Casimiro on a special mission from the Queen to the French Court had passed through Bordeaux.

Letters dated Prague, Sept. 27th, state that Charles X. Henry V. (the Duc de Bordeaux) and his sister, Mademoiselle, were to proceed to Lieven to meet the Duchess Berri. M. de Chateaubriand had arrived at Prague on the 26th with the Prince and Princess de Beaufremont.

The German journals refer to certain changes of the Constitution of the States of the German confederation, resolved on in the late Conference at Munichgratz; and repeat that the Emperor of Austria was to resume the title of Emperor of Germany; that his Majesty would have at Linz or Vienna, an interview with the German Princes, and that a Congress of Ministers of Russia, Prussia, Austria and the German States, would be held in the Austrian Capital. A conflict between the military and inhabitants of Durkheim (Bavaria) took place on the 28th ult., in which blood was shed on both sides.

These papers contain no French news of interest. The King and Queen of the Belgians are, we learn to arrive in Paris on the 16th inst., and to remain a month in that capital;—in expectation of which the king and queen of the French, and the Royal family, are to leave St. Cloud for Paris on the 5th.

Monday evening, Oct. 7. The future progress of events in Spain has been the chief topic of conversation here, and the struggle of the two parties for supremacy in that kingdom, has given rise to much speculation of opinion; the lead, likewise, which the French Government seems determined to take in supporting the liberal party, has by no means escaped the observation of our leading politicians. The shade which coming political events has for the present cast over the prospects of the future peace of the Peninsula has certainly caused some uneasiness to our leading speculators.

The Dublin Corporation refused to move an address to the New Lord Lieutenant.

The London Globe says the combinations among the working-men in the manufacturing districts are beginning to produce defensive associations of the master manufacturers.

Don Carlos has left Portugal, and it was expected he would be proclaimed at Toledo.

Drury Lane Theatre opened to £400, the best beginning which has been known for many years. Mrs. Solomon and Celeste are at the Drury.

Liverpool, Oct. 9. The failure of Bourmont's attack on Lisbon, and the subsequent abandonment of most, if not all, the French officers, may, we presume, be considered as having given the coup de grace to the Miguelite cause, unless it should turn out that the Carlists make common cause with Miguel, an event by no means improbable in consequence of the death of the King of Spain, as it is said that the apostolicals are gathering together both men and money for the aid of Carlos. The Queen, had, as a matter of course, in conformity with the will of her husband, assumed the regency. No alterations had been made in the Ministry; but M. Zoa Bernudez is slated to be at the head of the regency council, and as he is believed to be in favor of absolutism and the Holy Alliance. Many of the Continental politicians think that the tranquility of Spain will not long remain undisturbed. It is indeed impossible to say to what length men deeply imbued with fanaticism, and urged on by a bigoted priesthood, may proceed; but however long the contest may be protracted, there is, we think, but one result to be calculated upon and hoped for, in the event of a struggle between the Carlists and the Constitutionalists.

Lisbon, Sept. 25.—Yesterday there was a grand review of the Army: Col. Evans, M. P. was present, and remarked that he was never so astonished in his life than to see the order, that both the regular corps and volunteers were in. He said that Gen. Bourmont, with 30,000 men could never enter Lisbon, after the way they had fortified it, and with the people they had to defend it. The Emperor as usual, is most active at the lines every morning by four or five o'clock, even yesterday morning, being the first of the Emperor's arrival at the palace after an absence of 20 months from her loving husband, who, amidst his difficulties at Oporto, devoted an hour every day to write to the D. I. chess.—Yesterday morning his Imperial Majesty was on the lines at five o'clock. The next news which reaches you from this quarter, will bring you that of Don Miguel's army being entirely broken up. The city of Waterford steamer, which sailed from Cows in company with the Sobu and Salamander, has not yet arrived.

There has been established at Paris an office for ensuring the lives of horses, which has proved very profitable.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL

AS IT WAS,

by one who went to it.

One of the best books this book-making age has produced. Every line is a treasure, every word is worthy of being written in gold. Independent of the main object the author has in view, of improving the character of our common schools, it is a rich treat to every man who ever saw the inside of a district school-house. It is a faithful portrait of our early days. The old school-house itself, with its hingeless blinds snapping in the wind, the unheated step, the hatched benches, and the 'masters chair,' are pictured to the life. The author carries us irresistibly back to the days, when, with our best 'go to meeting clothes' and our new felt hat, we first crossed the threshold of this awful sanctum of learning. The very plays of our boyhood are up before us; it seems as if the intermediate years were gathered up, and that we were again on that 'side hill,' tumbling about in the feathery snow, like a porpoise in a storm, sliding down hill, merely for the pleasure of drawing the sled up again, or fighting like a young warrior, with icy balls the despised other-enders. We dislike to mar the beauty of the whole, by giving extracts, but the temptation is too great, the author's description of his knowledge of the alphabet on first going to school, is too good to be lost.

I had, however, learned the name of the capital A, because it stood at the head of the column, and was the similitude of a narrow house. O O, also, from its resemblance to a hoop.—I's sonorous name moreover was a frequent passenger through my mouth after I had begun to articulate; its rattle sound being the most natural medium by which man born to trouble signifies the pains of his lot. X too, was familiar, as it seemed so like the end of an old saw-horse that stood in the wood shed. Further than this my alphabetical lore did not extend, according to present recollection.

And then again his second summer after going through the ordeal of winter's schooling, and having been taught by 'a master' is capably described. The little urchins are his off to the H's.

So Mary Smith kept the school, and I had another delightful summer under her care and instruction. I was four years and a half old now, and had grown an inch. I was no tiny, whining, half-scared baby, as in the first summer. No indeed: I had been to the winter school, had read in a class, and had stood up to the fire with the great boys, had seen a snow-ball fight, and had been accidentally hit once, by the icy missile of big-fisted Joe Swagger.

I looked down upon two or three fresh, slobbering abecedarians with a pride of superiority, greater perhaps than I ever felt again.—We read not in eh, eb, eez, but in words that meant something; and before the close of the summer, in what were called the 'Reading Lessons,' that is, little words arranged in little sentences.

A most ludicrous anecdote is told, arising from the misconception of the word spell, a word in Yankee phrase, signifying both to define the component parts of words, and to relieve a friend from his labors, we cannot but quote it.

It happened one day that the 'cut and split' for the hire fell short, and Jonas Patch was out, working the axe in school time. He had been at work about half an hour, when Memorius, who was perceived to have less to do than the rest, was sent out to take his place. He was about ten years old and four years younger than Jonas. 'Memorius, you may go out and spell Jonas.' Our hero did not think of the Yankee sense in which the master used the word spell, indeed he had never attached but one meaning to it whenever it was used with reference to himself. He supposed the master was granting him a ride extraordinary on his favorite hobby. So he put his spelling-book under his arm and was out at the wood-pile with the speed of a boy rushing to play.

'Ye got yer spellin' lesson, Jonas?' was his first salutation. 'Haven't looked at it yet,' was the reply. 'I mean to cut up this plaguy great log, spellin' or no spellin', before I go in. I had as lieve keep warm here choppin' wood, as freeze up there in that tarnal cold back seat.' 'Well, the master sent me out to hear you spell.' 'Did he? well, put out the words and I'll spell.' 'Memorius being so distinguished a speller, Jonas did not doubt but that he was really sent out on that errand. So our deputy spelling-master mounted the top of the wood-pile, just in front of Jonas, to put out words to his temporary pupil who still kept putting out the chips.

'Do you know where the lesson begins, Jonas?' 'No, I don't, but I spose I shall find out now.' 'Well, here 'tis.' (They both belonged to the same class.) 'Spell A-bom-i-na-tion.' Jonas spells. A-b-o-m-bom a-bom (in the mean time up goes the axe high in the air.) i a-bom-i (down it goes again chuck into the wood.) n-a-a-bom-i-na (up it goes again) t-i-o-n-tion, a-bom-i-na-tion, chuck goes the axe again, and at the same time out flies a furious chip and hits Memorius on the nose. At this moment the master appeared just at the corner of the school-house, with one foot still on the threshold. 'Jonas, why don't you come in? Didn't I send Memorius out to spell you?' 'Yes sir, and he has been spelling me, how could I come in if he spelt me here? At this the master's eye caught Memorius perched upon the top-stick, with his book on his lap, rubbing his nose, and just in the act of putting out the next word of the column. Ac-com-mo-da-tion, pronounced Memorius in a broken but louder voice than before, for he caught a glimpse of the master, and he wished to let him know that he was doing his duty. This was too much for the master's gravity. He perceived the mistake, and without saying more, wheeled back into the school-room, almost bursting with the most tumultuous laugh he ever tried to suppress. The scholars wondered at his looks and grinned in sympathy. But in a few minutes Jonas came in, followed by Memorius with his spelling-book, who exclaimed, 'I have heard him spell clear through the whole lesson, and he didn't spell hardly none of 'em right.' The master could hold in no longer, and the scholars perceived the blunder, and there was one simultaneous roar from pedagogue and pupils; the scholars laughing twice as loud and uproariously in consequence of being permitted to laugh in school-time, and to do it with the accompaniment of the master.

But learning to write! who does not remember the proud feeling with which he entered upon the first winter he was allowed to write—when he was actually to have a quill and writing book of his own, with his proper name written in the first leaf, thus—'John Carter his book,' and was to set on the high seat and have an inkstand and a penknife! Oh it was one of the bright spots in our young existence, a day which we hailed as a turning point in our life, when we were to pass the Rubicon of boyhood, and tread on the threshold of manhood. But we will not detain the reader from the author's description, which is one of the best things we have met for many a year.

Having previously had the promise of writing this winter, I had made all the necessary preparations, days before school was to begin. I had bought me a new birch ruler, and had given a third of my wealth, four cents, for it. To this I had appended, by a well twisted flaxen string, the plummet of my own running, whittling and scraping. I had hunted up an old pewter inkstand which had come down from the ancestral eminence of my great grandfather for aught I know. And it bore many marks of a speedier and less honorable descent, to wit, from table or desk to the floor. I had succeeded in becoming the owner of a penknife, not that it was likely to be applied to its appropriate use, that winter at least, for such beginners generally used the instrument to mar the pens they wrote in, rather than to make or mend those they wrote with. I had selected one of the fairest quills out of an enormous bunch. Half a quire of foolscap had been folded into the shape of a writing book, by the maternal hand, and covered with brown paper nearly as thick as a sheepskin.

We would gladly quote more but our limits will not allow. We wish it were in our power to put a copy into the hands of every subscriber, who ever went to a district school. It is too good a thing to be lost, and we can only say to the reader go and buy it, pay your money freely; consider that the bookseller is doing you an especial kindness in selling you the book, and take our word for it, you will be amply rewarded for all the time and money you can spend on 'The District School as it was.'

We find in the New Orleans Bulletin of Nov. 2d, the following additional particulars concerning the late shocking disaster on board the steamboat St. Martin, on the Red River:

'The sad casualty—the destruction of so many valuable lives, and so much property, on board the St. Martin, a notice of which we republish this morning—coming close at the heels of such numerous losses—almost confound our judgment, and overwhelm our feelings.

'That so many should perish, in open day, within a few rods of the shore, surprised us.—The cause was, that on the cry of fire, the Captain thoughtlessly rang the bell to stop the engine, when the boat had headway enough to run to the bank, and save all. Fatal order! for, when it was too late, and the tiller-rap' burnt, she could not proceed, but moved round and round. The sequel is too well known.'

Can any predicament more awful be conceived than of the passengers and crew of this ill-fated vessel? Within a stone's throw of land, moving round and round in the same spot where the engine was stopped, the devouring flames all about them, without the possibility of reaching the shore!

'The Bulletin further says.—"This disaster occurred from a parcel of moss taking fire, which was almost instantly in flames, and the people in confusion.

'The moment the alarm was given there was a general rush to get into the small boat, which almost instantly sunk, and all means of escape cut off. Mr. John F. Miller and Mr. Merimond of this place, with several other gentlemen, swam ashore. One gentleman saved himself and lady, by getting upon a bale of cotton, and floating down the river until taken off by a person from the shore. There was 80 persons on board, crew and passengers.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 20, 1833.

We received last Tuesday evening two communications that were intended for insertion in our last paper. Had they reached their destination as early as they should have done in the regular course of mail, they would have been noticed according to the intention of their writers before the election in this District. One of them from a gentleman in Wilton states we were incorrect in saying that Mr. Walker the Antimasonic candidate for Representative to Congress, has not attained the age required by the constitution to make him eligible. We expressly stated that we were not personally acquainted with Mr. Walker, and the information we gave to the public was derived from gentlemen of respectability residing in the vicinity of Mr. W. and who are not (at least some of them) political friends of ours. We cheerfully make the correction now and should have been happy to have done it before had the means been furnished us.

As to the remarks in the Free Press it is sufficient to say that we are neither a Mason nor a friend to Masonry. When that institution sets itself in array as a political party we will oppose it more zealously than we ever did antimasonry. The other communication signed A. B. in support of Regular nomination received at the same time was too late for insertion.

We are accused of being uncharitable enough to say that the opposition rejoice in the difficulties in Alabama. We should have been both uncharitable and unjust to have said that all the opposition entertained such feelings. But when we impute such feelings to some of them we think we shall be justified in the opinion of any one who will take the trouble to notice the manner in which these difficulties, and the attempts to adjust them have been treated by some of our opponents. Sneers and taunts, to say nothing of harsher language we have not considered as peculiarly adapted to soothe irritated feelings. The prospect of an amicable adjustment of these difficulties does not appear to be hailed with much joy or satisfaction by many of our opponents. They seem angry that no blood is to be shed—that a sister state will not be provoked to assume an attitude of open hostility for the maintenance of their supposed rights. We cannot but think that party zeal has been allowed in the breasts of some to outstrip their sound discretion and better feelings that in anticipating a hoped for result they have been led to overlook the means by which it was to be brought about. We trust however that there are some among our political opponents who will rejoice at the wise and prudent measures proposed by the President—at the forbearance he has manifested—at the respect shown for the laws and the rights of a sister state and at the prospect of a speedy and peaceable adjustment of what in its inception threatened to be a serious difficulty. The people will see in this fresh evidence of the propriety of their choice, and of the determination of the present administration to ask for nothing but what is clearly right and to submit to nothing wrong.

To those of our readers who wish to see more of the proceedings and debates in Congress than the limits of our paper will enable us to afford them we would recommend the Congressional Globe to be published weekly during the session, and devoted exclusively to Congressional affairs. The price is one dollar during the Session which will place it within the means of all who may feel anxious for political information.

We would renew our request for an early and accurate transmission of the votes given in this District for member of Congress.

The returns of votes in Massachusetts so far as received shew that there is no prospect of a choice of Governor by the people. Returns from 232 towns give for Davis 23,377, Adams 17,073, Morton 13,465, Allen 2,150. Thus it appears that the National Republican party there is defeated, though their candidate has received the highest number of votes. The strength of the democratic party has greatly increased since the last election and may soon hope to triumph. The Nationals are divided and languishing.

SPECIMEN NUMBER OF THE GLOBE.

In this sheet is presented a specimen of the paper and typography, through which, after the meeting of the next Congress, we propose to attend the appearance of the Globe. No other newspaper in the United States will be found, after the period, to surpass, and very few to equal, the beauty of its mechanical execution; and we trust by peculiar care and increased industry, to make it more worthy than it has hitherto been, in other respects, of the extensive and multifarious subscription which has so enlarged its dimensions and improved its texture.

To the liberal patrons of the Globe, who have followed it with their favor from a feeble semi-weekly, printed at a job press, until it has become handsomely established, in an excellent office, of its own, with presses, types, and all appliances to boot, we trust the unremitting efforts which we have made, as our gradually increasing means have permitted, to render it worthy of the encouragement they have afforded, will be taken as a proof that we are not in the spirit to deserve and win it for the future, however, we may fall in the requisite ability.

The present enlarged and improved publication it will be observed by the prospectus annexed, will be given to subscribers after the first of December next, on the same terms on which the Globe has hitherto been furnished to subscribers.

In addition to the Daily, Semi-weekly, and Weekly Globe, heretofore issued, it will be observed, that we propose to publish 'a Congressional Globe,' exclusively devoted to the proceedings and debates in Congress. This paper will be printed at the close of every week, during the session of Congress, and will contain in regular series, a succinct and clear account of the proceedings of each day, together with a brief and condensed report of the speeches made on every topic brought under discussion. In preparing these our lines, it is our purpose to employ able and industrious Reporters, who will take Lloyd's Report of debates of Congress of 1789, as a sample for imitation, and will also avail themselves, whenever it is permitted, of the notes of the speakers themselves, to prepare the sketches. We will also endeavor, if the space will allow, to give, in the Congressional Globe, the more elaborate and finished orations upon questions of great moment, as prepared by members, for the public. We hope to be able to effect this, by using brevity type, and the greatly increased page now presented. In affording this weekly paper at the rate of ONE DOLLAR for all the numbers printed during the session, we may boast of affording the most important information at the cheapest possible price, and we look for reimbursement for our labor and trouble, in a very minute profit, upon a very extensive sale and circulation of numbers. That the subscription should be paid in advance, is, therefore, rendered indispensable, and we throw ourselves upon the generosity of our friends, and ask the favor of them to volunteer their exertions to favor our object; and we especially solicit from the Editors with whom we exchange, a gratuitous insertion of this notice, together with the annexed terms.

THE TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE, published weekly, during the session of Congress, presenting a neat abridgement of the proceedings of the Senate & House of Representatives in regular series, from day to day, with brief reports of the discussion of every debated question. \$1 per ses.

DAILY GLOBE, \$10 per annum.
SEMI-WEEKLY GLOBE, \$5 do do
WEEKLY GLOBE, \$2,50 do

For less than a year.
DAILY, per month, \$1
SEMI-WEEKLY, per month, 50 cts.

Washington City.—By a letter in the New York Journal of Commerce, says the Boston Post, we learn that the capital of the Union is improving in appearance, and that further reforms are talked of. 'One of the objects that will occupy Congress at the approaching session,' says the writer, 'will be the erection of suitable buildings for the accommodation of the Departments. The present edifices are unsafe, as the ruins of the Treasury Office testify, and they are, moreover, wholly insufficient in size for the accommodation of the numerous bureaus. Mr. McLane has suggested the expediency of erecting an edifice of sufficient capacity for the present and future accommodation of the Executive Departments, and this suggestion will be repeated in the President's Message. It is a great plan, and will, I trust, be adopted. The new structure may be made a monument of our advancement in the arts, and our success as a nation. The square opposite the President's house, would be a suitable site for the building. On either side of the President's house, where the Public Office now stands, might be erected houses for the Secretaries. I see no reason why the Secretaries should not have houses fitted for their reception, as well as the President. The salaries of the Secretaries are too small to enable them with any convenience to pay house rent in addition to the other expenses of a Washington residence, and it is seldom that they are men of much wealth. Many Secretaries have been beggared by their expenses here. The late Secretary of State, Mr. Livingston, expended, while he was in office, eighteen thousand dollars more than his salary.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser remarks: "The Meteoric Shower of the 13th inst., was a rare phenomenon. At half past 4 o'clock A. M. I first observed it, and continued to notice it until its termination at 6 o'clock A. M. From a point in the heavens, about fifteen degrees southeasterly from

our Zenith, every point of the described in the parallels of Several of the lightning. On explode with a The time from about five miles a bright glowing for about fifteen of these meteoric shower. The shower consisted in a festal rockers, a steadily uniform ten degrees s. These meteors when inflamed appear during the in various direct generated at a m probably from the tion I have par d lect pyrotechny lect to have met it in description.

Professor Ol communication ald, says: To enon, the render cession of fire radiating in all heavens near the of the sky toward to various dis leaving after the usually explode. The balls were grees of splendor but others w that Jupiter by a credible w ed, was judged moon. The fla tense than light en people in the in the northwest the star Capella, plosion, a phospho ty. This line w shortly began to headth, and to a folding itself up, luminous cloud eastward by the in which the met in sight several ly white, but was predominance of was in 20 degree nity."

A really "spl improvement has ly a Convention Tennessee, which ult. Gen. E. P. was appointed P Secretary. Thie tween the Missi Ocean, to pass th of the State of T the States of Miss and the southern p ticable and desir benefits and unio bly be estimated expenses of its c to be commenced ten years, repay a of the first nation the country in th of the strongest b were also adopted Congress, and to see, Mississippi, Carolina, in aid of the General corps of enginee. The meeting fur own Legislatu for a company to Memphis, on the

AGITATO We present out the Richmond E plated agitation of The article is cop to exhibit the feel this subject. Mr. with Southerners, the most jealous son's & Dixon's North, who have sciem's of agit ate. With the lina, with the new the appointed th Legislature the tion?

THE Northern work—We have of his "Anti Slav ly at New York— Address of the Society," in 46 believe, that these fications have be ties, for general d. These fanatics ar Whittier is mad abolition, at the b solving the Union dresser insists up

our Zenith, meteors darted to the horizon in every point of the compass. Their paths were described in curved lines, similar to those of the parallels of longitude on an artificial globe. Several of them afforded as much light as faint lightning. One in the north-east was heard to explode with a sound like that of a sky rocket. The time from explosion to the hearing was about twenty seconds, which gives a distance of about five miles. It left a serpentine cloud of a bright glowing color, which remained visible for about fifteen or twenty minutes. Millions of these meteors must have been darted in this shower. The singularity of this Meteoric Shower consisted in the countless numbers of the celestial rockets, and more especially in their constantly uniform divergence from the point fifteen degrees southerly from our zenith. These meteors are supposed to be gaseous, and when inflamed by some cause not explained, appear darting through the heavens, generally in various directions. It is certain that they are generated at a moderate distance from the earth, probably from two to five miles. The exhibition I have partly described, was the most splendid pyrotechny I ever saw, and I do not recollect to have met with any thing comparable to it in description."

Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, in a communication made to the New Haven Herald, says: To form some idea of the phenomenon, the reader may imagine a constant succession of fire balls, resembling sky rockets, radiating in all directions from a point in the heavens near the zenith, and following the arch of the sky towards the horizon. They proceeded to various distances from the radiating point, leaving after them a vivid streak of light, and usually exploded before they disappeared. The balls were of various sizes and degrees of splendor; some were mere points, but others were larger and brighter than Jupiter or Venus, and one, seen by a credible witness, before the writer was called, was judged to be nearly as large as the moon. The flashes of light, though less intense than lightning, were so bright as to awaken people in their beds. "One ball that shot off in the northwest direction, and exploded near the star Capella, just behind the place of explosion, a phosphorescent trail, of peculiar beauty. This line was at first nearly straight, but it shortly began to contract in length and dilate in breadth, and to assume the figure of a serpent folding itself up, until it appeared like a small luminous cloud of vapor. This cloud was borne eastward by the wind, opposite to the direction in which the meteor had proceeded, remaining in sight several minutes. The light was usually white, but was occasionally prismatic, with a predominance of blue. The radiating point was in 20 degrees 18 minutes south of our zenith."

A really "splendid" project of Internal Improvement has been earnestly recommended by a Convention from a number of Counties in Tennessee, which met at Bolivar on the 14th ult. Gen. E. P. Gaines of the U. S. Army, was appointed President, and R. A. Parker, Secretary. They resolved that a rail road between the Mississippi river and the Atlantic Ocean, to pass through the south west border of the State of Tennessee, the northern parts of the States of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, and the southern part of South Carolina, is practicable and desirable—that its anticipated local benefits and national advantages may reasonably be estimated as greatly to exceed the whole expenses of its construction, and that it ought to be commenced forthwith, that it would, in ten years, repay all the cost of construction, be of the first national importance in the defence of the country in time of war, and in peace be one of the strongest bonds of union. Resolutions were also adopted for preparing memorials to Congress, and to the Legislatures of Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina, in aid of the enterprise, and to request of the General Government the services of a corps of engineers to make necessary surveys. The meeting further resolved to apply to their own Legislature for a charter of incorporation for a company to construct a rail road from Memphis, on the Mississippi, to Jackson. [Baltimore American.]

AGITATORS OF SLAVERY.

We present our friends with an extract from the Richmond Enquirer, touching the contemplated agitation of the question of Slavery. The article is copied for no other purpose than to exhibit the feeling existing at the South upon this subject. Mr. Ritchie is moderate compared with Southerners. Virginia is by no means the most jealous of the "States South of Mason's & Dixon's line." Let those at the North, who have not already embarked in schemes of agitation, read, and they will hesitate. With the hardly allayed trouble in Carolina, with the new difficulty in Alabama, is this the appointed time to fling into the National Legislature the fire-brand of the Slave question? Argus.

THE FANATICS.

The Northern Propagandists are still at work—We have received Whittier's 4th No. of his "Anti Slavery Reporter," issued monthly at New York—and the pamphlet copy of an "Address of the New York City Anti-Slavery Society," in 46 pages! We have reason to believe, that these and other incendiary publications have been struck off in large quantities, for general distribution through the South. These fanatics are fools or knaves, or both—Whittier is mad enough to press an immediate abolition, at the hazard, as he confesses, of dis-solving the Union! And the New York Addresser insists upon the abolition in the District

of Columbia, as "a measure within the power of Congress, and so manifestly easy, and safe, that it ought not to be delayed another year." And this is only to be entering wedge for other innovations on the part of Congress—for they go on to say, that "when this is done, we cannot but hope that some wise application may be made of the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the several States," so as to effect the entire suppression of the infamous Domestic Slave Trade! Thus, the fanatics will proceed from one step to another. And we must prepare to meet them on the very threshold—and arrest their measure, which is not only improper in itself, but still more alarming, as being the ominous prelude to other encroachments. Ignorant as they are of the very theory of our Federal institutions, and also, most profoundly ignorant as they must be of the Southern feelings upon this subject, they are so infatuated as to declare that their "course presents the only means of preserving our national Union."—Madness as they are! are they yet to learn, that their course is perhaps the only means of tearing our Union asunder? If they are contented and encouraged by a considerable body of the Northern people, nothing can save from shipwreck, the most auspicious form of government, that was ever devised for advancing the liberties of mankind.

Treaty with Siam. The Administration have effected another treaty of friendship and commerce with the distant Kingdoms of Asia, as populous at least as our own country when we won our Independence. Siam contains about 3,000,000 inhabitants with a territory of 190,000 square miles. A friendly and commercial intercourse with them may benefit both countries. The country abounds with mines of gold, silver, tin, and copper; pepper, cotton, aloes, &c. as well as many other commercial productions common to the Indies. Siam is the country of Chang and Eng, and if it should ever send an embassy here, we may expect that these shrewd clowns will be appointed Attaches to it, and continue attaches to themselves. They might be appointed Ambassadors but that no government sends two to one nation; but they might appoint Chang Ambassador and Eng the Attache. [Post.]

SEASONABLE REMARKS.

In looking over the New York weekly returns of deaths in that city, we find out of 113 deaths 34 were of consumption. Nearly all of these were females. So it will continue to be; this insidious disease will consign to the grave the good and lovely of our species, so long as they expose their lives and their health by imprudently wearing thin shoes and light and inefficient clothing. Females are often in the habit of going abroad in the same thin satin slippers they have worn in their sitting rooms. The consequence must be a sudden chill from the cold side-walk or damp streets, that may perhaps terminate in inflammation of the lungs. There is no pleasure in seeing a pretty foot exposed in a shoe fit only for a carpeted room, when we reflect that such temerity may bring upon its owner consumption and death. We say nothing of the thoughtless exposure of neck and chest to our cold and ever varying atmosphere. Our ladies dress too much for the street.

GREAT FIRE AT THREE RIVERS, L. C.

By the steambot which arrived from Quebec, yesterday (says the Montreal Advertiser of the 12th inst.) information was received of a most destructive fire having occurred at Three Rivers. It commenced in the house of one Clark, a watchmaker in Notre Dame Street. The wind blew from the south-west, which caused the fire to spread so rapidly that in one hour the whole northern part of the street, from the house of A. Z. LeBlanc, Esq. to the corner of Des Forges Street, and on the other side, from S. Antoine to Plate Street, comprising in all 12 houses without reckoning other buildings became the prey of the flames. The sufferers are M. P. Desfosses, J. Desfosses, Esq. 3 houses, M. Gervais, Moses Hart, Esq. Madame Lafontaine, M. Beaubry, M. Kernen, M. Devreux, 2 houses, and Mr. Woodworth all proprietors.

The loss of M. Jann Desfosses is stated at £4000, and the total loss at £10,000 to £12,000. Only two of the houses were insured, one belonging to M. Pierce Desfosses to the amount of £300, and that of M. L. Beaubry for £350.

It appears that the good people of Massachusetts are in a good deal of matrimonial uncertainty and confusion, hardly knowing whether their wives are lawful or their children legitimate. It requires an 'ordained, stated minister' to effectuate a legal 'conjugation in wedlock'; and as many of the marriages in that ancient commonwealth have been performed by persons not stated and ordained as aforesaid, wedded love has got itself into a snarl. This matter of marrying is somewhat serious business, and when it is done ought to be well done. The Bay State folk ought to be at the expense of employing 'ministers' that can do it in a workmanlike manner, and durable without. It is shocking to get married in so bungling a way that the parties would 'sny married.'

A LITTLE BEYOND THE YANKEES.

The following circumstance is said to have happened in a neighboring city. A gentleman having had a valuable watch stolen from his person, advertised that he would give the thief fifty dollars for its restoration, and that no questions should be asked. A short time af-

ter a man called on him and informed him that on the payment of fifty dollars the watch should be restored. The money was handed to the stranger and the watch to its rightful owner, who remarked that although he was under an obligation to ask no questions; yet he had a curiosity to know the manner in which he obtained the watch, and would make that inquiry, leaving his answer or his refusal at his own option. The man readily inquired of him if he did not recollect that on a certain night a man put his hand on his shoulder, saying, 'How are you?' and instantly asked pardon for his abrupt salutation, as he was mistaken in the person he supposed he was addressing, at the same time putting him on his shoulder, in the manner he at the time referred to. The man recollected the circumstance, and the stranger said at that time he took his watch. The man was much gratified at the recovery of his watch and so much amused by the manner in which it was stolen, that he stepped into the shop of an acquaintance to tell the story. While recapitulating the circumstances he attempted to pull out his watch, when lo! it was gone again, the rogue having stolen it the second time, while telling the manner he stole it at first. [Hartford Review.]

From Western papers we learn, that a numerous emigration is in progress from that quarter into Maine. The northern sections of Oxford and Somerset, and the whole of Penobscot and Washington Counties, we presume, are recipients of the influx and of emigrants. In this County, by the last census, the accession of population into this county generally, was in a greater ratio than the increase in the town of Bangor, and we have no reason to doubt the same ratio has prevailed since that period. Inducements to farmers and business men, are even greater now, and since then, for the same number of years previous to 1830.

Agricultural products, and all manner of industry and raw materials, as well as manufactured productions of the forest, have advanced in a greater proportion than the price of lands. Dealing in that article has been so much by wholesale as to keep down retail prices. [Bangor Republican.]

A happy turn. At one of the country courts, where an indictment for an assault had been preferred against a woman for the ill usage of her husband who was superannuated, his counsel, in the heat of declamation, happened to say, that half the sex were devils! But seeing a number of genteel females in the court, after a very short pause, he went on—but the other half are angels! and several of them are now present.

Poor Fellow! David Robie of Chester, N. H. has petitioned for a divorce from his wife Sarah, who he avers has torn his hair out of his head, beaten him with a broomstick, and now threatens his life.

The Votes for Representative to Congress in this town, stand for Moses Mason, Jr. 97, Ruel Washburn 21, Scattering 4.

MARRIED.

In Norway, on Thanksgiving evening, by Jonathan Swift, Esq. Maj. Ansel Town, to Miss Julia Ann Hobbs.

DIED.

In Limerick, on the 13th inst. of an inflammation of the throat, Dr. Oliver Griswold of Fryburg, aged 56.—When a good man dies the people mourn.—The deceased was born in Lebanon, N. H., and educated in that part of the country. In 1804 he came to Fryburg, where by his correct deportment, sound judgment and medical skill, he soon became an acceptable and useful Physician, and has continued an extensive and uninterrupted practice for more than thirty years, and until he relinquished it at 56, and commenced it at Limerick, where the people seemed to anticipate his worth; there with the fairest prospects of an extensive practice, and a peaceful residence in the midst of his usefulness, and in perfect health, he was cut down and laid in the tomb. Few men have lived a more perfect life—he was a close imitator of the examples of our blessed Saviour—he went about doing good—healed the sick, comforted the mourner, and relieved the distressed—he was active, unostentatious, forbearing, and forgiving of injuries, and when reviled, he reviled not again—his house was the resort of the destitute and the afflicted; and there the widow and orphan found a home—he sustained every relation in life, and discharged every relative duty with peculiar firmness and propriety—not only a bereaved companion, children, family friends and neighbors have been called to mourn, but the community have sustained a great loss in the death of this excellent man.—He died as he had lived, resigned to the will of God, and happy in the prospect of a blessed immortality. Comm.

In Thomaston, Hon. Daniel Rose, aged 62. Doct. Rose graduated at Yale College in 1791, and subsequently devoted himself for many years to the practice of Medicine, in which profession he maintained a high rank. During the late war he was called into the public service and was distinguished for his skill and the accuracy of his judgment in the Engineer Department. For several years he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. After the separation he was a member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of Maine—he was appointed to the Board of Commissioners

of Public Lands under the Articles of Separation—was three years successively elected to the Senate of Maine and was one year President of that body.

In 1824 he was appointed Warden of the State Prison, which office he held till 1828, when he was transferred to the Land Agency of the State, and continued in that situation, with the exception of a year, till his death. To the discharge of the various public duties to which he was called, as well as to the duties of his profession, he brought the aid of a strong and discriminating mind and a sound judgment. [Journal.]

Notice.

THE person who has a book belonging to me entitled the "Christian Martyrs," is informed that the name is known and will be exposed if the book is not returned immediately. ALBERT G. ROBINSON. Paris, Nov. 27, 1833.

Copartnership Notice.

THE subscribers have formed a connexion in business under the firm of SMITH & BENNETT, and have taken the Store formerly occupied by J. B. Smith, where they have for sale on credit, a good assortment of W. I. Goods and Groceries, English and American Goods, Hardware, Crockery and Glassware, School Books and Stationery, Paints, Medicines, &c. &c. making in all a very extensive variety of sensible goods. Former customers of the subscribers are respectfully invited to call.

JONATHAN B. SMITH, ANTHONY BENNETT. Norway-Village, Nov. 16, 1833.

SMITH & BENNETT will carry on the Potash business improved by A. Bennett and wish to receive orders in exchange for Goods at their cash prices. Norway-Village, Nov. 22, 1833. tf15

New Store.

CUSHMAN & PHILLIPS, HAVE taken the Store formerly occupied by R. & L. G. S. Boyd on the corner of Exchange and Middle Streets, and are now opening an entire new Stock of Dry Goods,

Among which are the following, viz: about 150 pieces of 3-4 and 6-4 ENGLISH and FRENCH

Merinos,

BLACK and GOLD GRO DE NAPLES and GRO DE SWISS STEELS from 9-10 shilling the yard, BLACK, BLUE, BROWN, MULBERRY & BRASS BROAD CLOTHS.

SUITS OF CLOTH and CASSIMERES, OLIVE and BLUE PETERSHAMS, BLUE and BROWN CAMLETTS, BOCKING & FLANNEL for LINENS, FURNITURES and LINING CAMBRICS, Flax, Silk, Bandannas and Pongee Handkerchiefs, (low priced) one Bale Russia DIAPERS, Bro Linen Table Covers, Linens, Long Lavas, Linen Cambrics, Linen Edging, Thread do, checked and corded Cambrics, Book and Swiss Muslin, Green and White Broad Gauge Yells, Green Barrage, Suspenders, Gloves, Hosiery, &c. &c. &c.

London Rose Blankets,

7-4-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1303-1304-1305-1306-1307-1308-1309-1310-1311-1312-1313-1314-1315-1316-1317-1318-1319-1320-1321-1322-1323-1324-1325-1326-1327-1328-1329-1330-1331-1332-1333-1334-1335-1336-1337-1338-1339-1340-1341-1342-1343-1344-1345-1346-1347-1348-1349-1350-1351-1352-1353-1354-1355-1356-1357-1358-1359-1360-1361-1362-1363-1364-1365-1366-1367-1368-1369-1370-1371-1372-1373-1374-1375-1376-1377-1378-1379-1380-1381-1382-1383-1384-1385-1386-1387-1388-1389-1390-1391-1392-1393-1394-1395-1396-1397-1398-1399-1400-1401-1402-1403-1404-1405-1406-1407-1408-1409-1410-1411-1412-1413-1414-1415-1416-1417-1418-1419-1420-1421-1422-1423-1424-1425-1426-1427-1428-1429-1430-1431-1432-1433-1434-1435-1436-1437-1438-1439-1440-1441-1442-1443-1444-1445-1446-1447-1448-1449-1450-1451-1452-1453-1454-1455-1456-1457-1458-1459-1460-1461-1462-1463-1464-1465-1466-1467-1468-1469-1470-1471-1472-1473-1474-1475-1476-1477-1478-1479-1480-1481-1482-1483-1484-1485-1486-1487-1488-1489-1490-1491-1492-1493-1494-1495-1496-1497-1498-1499-1500-1501-1502-1503-1504-1505-1506-1507-1508-1509-1510-1511-1512-1513-1514-1515-1516-1517-1518-1519-1520-1521-1522-1523-1524-1525-1526-1527-1528-1529-1530-1531-1532-1533-1534-1535-1536-1537-1538-1539-1540-1541-1542-1543-1544-1545-1546-1547-1548-1549-1550-1551-1552-1553-1554-1555-1556-1557-1558-1559-1560-1561-1562-1563-1564-1565-1566-1567-1568-1569-157

POETRY.
The following very pretty lines were transcribed from a lady's scrap-book, and the fair hand assured me, that they contained a perfect illustration of the acute sensibility of the female heart. Little know we the keen sorrow that an ungrated and trifling word may cause in the female breast. You will, I trust, at least one friend, by giving them an insertion in the Pearl. They were written by Miss Bogart, of New York.
I knew man kept no promises, or none,
At least, with women. And yet, knowing this,
With credulous folly, still I trusted one,
Whose words seemed so like truth, that I forgot
The lesson I had learned full oft before.
And I believed because he said he'd come,
That he would come; and then, night after night,
I watched the clouds and saw them pass away
From the bright moon, and leave the clear blue sky
As spotless, and serene, and beautiful,
As if no promises were broken e'er
Beneath it. Man forgets, in busy hours,
What in his idle moments he has said,
Nor thinks how often woman's happiness
Hangs on his lightest words. It is not things
Of great importance, which affect the heart
Most deeply; trifles often weave the web
Of misery or bliss in human life.
There's many a deep hidden grief, that comes
From sources which admit of no complaint,
From things of which we cannot—dare not speak;
And yet they seem but trifles, till a chain,
Link after link is fastened on each thought,
And wound around the heart. They do their work
In secrecy and silence, but their power
Is far more fatal than the open shaft
Of sorrow and misfortune; for they prey
Upon the health and spirits, till the bloom
Of hope is changed into the hectic flush;
They break the charms of youth's first, highest dreams,
And thus wear out the pleasure of the world,
But sap, at length, the springs of life.
And this is woman's fate. It is not thus
With proud, aspiring man. His mind is filled
With high and lofty thoughts; and love and hope,
And all the warmest feelings of the heart
Are sacrificed on cold Ambition's shrine.
He feels that the whole world was made for him,
And if some painful disappointment cross
His path of life, he does but change his course.
Nor broken promises, nor hopes destroyed
Are e'er allowed a place in memory's page.
'T is only woman, in her loneliness,
And in her silent, melancholy hours,
Who treasures in her heart the idle words
That had no meaning, and who lives on hope,
Till it has stolen the color from her cheeks,
The brightness from her eye, who trusts her peace
On the vast ocean of uncertainty.
And if it's wrecked, she learns her lot to bear,
Or she may learn to die—let's not forget!
It is for her to hoard her secret thoughts,
To brood over broken promises, and sigh
Over disappointed hopes, till she believes
There's less of wretchedness in the wide world,
Than in her single heart!

YOU WILL RUIN ME.
A former requested his wife, when she was in town, making some purchases for herself and daughters, to call on a justice with whom he had left notes for collection and take up some money, if she was in need.—On her return home she exhibited various purchases which she had made, indicating prudence and economy.—'Did you take up any money from the Squire?' 'Yes.' 'How much?' 'Twenty dollars—twenty dollars!' 'Why, you gave me leave,'—'Did you spend it?' 'Yes.'—'You will ruin me—I know you will! you are always spending my money on yourself and the girls in finery. I have told you often, and I tell you again, you will ruin me!' 'But suppose I spend my own money, how then?' 'Where then is the twenty dollars?' 'I paid it to the store-keeper.'—'I tell you what, wife, I will never trust you with another cent of my money—you will ruin me.'—'I paid that twenty dollars for your brandy, which you bespoke when you were last in town.'—'Did you bring it with you?' 'Yes.'—'Oh! that alters the case, I was really afraid you had been extravagant.'—'Be assured, you will never owe your ruin to me.'—'Well, wife, as you have been so kind as to bring the brandy, I will treat you and the girls.'—'That is doing the thing right, now give us each a dollar a piece.'—'Not indeed, but you shall have what will do you more good, a little toddy.' In this anecdote you have been admitted into a family scene, and reason will enable you to draw a useful inference.—Whether this case is comical or not, is for you to judge. One thing is certain, if this farmer is ever ruined, it will not be occasioned by his wife's extravagance, but his fondness for brandy.

Characteristics. The Pennsylvania on Monday, remarks that the discharged crew of the U. S. ship Warren have within a day or two afforded great amusement to the citizens. Flushed with money and newly acquired liberty, they indulge themselves in every kind of frolic. They have been very conspicuous at theatres, where their forecastle jokes, were found quite as amusing as the performance on the stage. On Saturday morning they drew their pay at the Girard Bank. A number of persons assembled to see the sport. Nearly the whole of the crew arrived in carriages.—Bank notes were not considered the thing; and many of them marched off laden like a galleon of the olden times, with specie. Several of the most careful squatted on the floor to count their cash; varying their labors with quaint commendations of Stephen Girard, and unceremonious execrations against the bystander who passed too closely. A jolly tar made rather too crank with liquor to sail well, walked off dropping specie at every step. The little boys gathered up the shivers and offered them to him. The only reply was a consignment to a warmer region, and a furious refusal to look at either them or the money.
They have not, however, confined their recreation to jovial amusement. The boatwain,

more has been severely beaten by a brother blue jacket, and vengeance is threatened against other sub officers for certain discipline which though necessary, is by no means agreeable. It is a pity that Jack should be left behind in these days of improvement, and retain so many of the peculiarities which distinguished him in the days of Benbow.

'Landlord,' said a wayfaring Paddy, who was travelling from one section of the canal, to another, a few days since in search of employment, 'Landlord, and what do you charge for a warm breakfast for two?'
'Fifty cents.'
'And what do we get, then?'
'Coffee, chickens, beef steak and onion.'
'And what'll you charge for a cold one?'
'A levy a piece.'
'And what do you give for that?'
'Why, cold eggs, meat and potatoes.'
'Well, give us a cold one.'
The cold breakfast was provided, and Paddy and his companion commenced paying a tax which had been due to their stomachs for twenty-four hours. One of them seized an egg, and on breaking the shell, discovered a little chick as well cooked as could be wished.—'Down with it quick,' exclaimed his companion, 'before the landlord comes in, or he'll charge ye with a chicken breakfast.'

A ludicrous mistake happened at a funeral in Mary le boue. The clergyman had gone on with his service, until he came to that part which says, 'Our deceased brother, or sister, without knowing whether the deceased was male or female. He turned to one of the mourners, and asked, whether it was a brother or sister? The man very innocently replied, 'No relation at all, Sir; only an acquaintance.'

An Alarming Crisis.—We are permitted to publish the following extract of a letter from Brookline, Vermont, dated Nov. 3, 1833. It indicates a melancholy state of affairs, and calls imperatively upon all good citizens, to interpose their best endeavors to save the country from impending ruin.
Dear Jim: Aaron Skinner hung himself last Wednesday, with a bridge, in George Skinner's back room, and yesterday, young David Walkclomb up a ladder and fixed a bridge round the ridge pole, or rather, and swung off.—The bridge not being strong, gave way, and poor David fell to the floor, by which he bruised his face very badly, and bled at least a half a pint. David is and has been for some time past sick for Beck Ranny.

London Post Office.—In the London Post Office there is one clerk or inspector called the blind inspector, who has the difficult task of making legible all the ill-written and badly-spelled directions of letters put into the office; and this duty gives him constant employment. Letters have been directed to *Augustus*; meaning Oxford; Great-a-bridge in Yorkshire is often written *A-bridge*; the great or capital *A*, standing for the first two syllables of the name *St. Oystin* is sometimes cut down into *Tosey*; and there is one instance upon record of a direction which for a long time puzzled the whole establishment. It was *Stonforddavi*; a strange corruption of Sir Humphrey Davy.

We heard a lady once praise 'Gadolpin'. Wonder if she did not overlook the following paragraph?
It seems sometimes odd enough to me, that while young ladies are sedulously taught all the accomplishments that husband disregards, they are never taught the great one he would prize. They are taught to be exultant as; he wants a companion. He wants neither a singing animal, nor a dancing animal; he wants a talking animal. But to talk they are never taught; all they know of it is slander, and that 'comes by nature.'

What an impudent assertion!
How to know a Husband.—A lady, who on Tuesday last, complained at one of the London Police Officers, that a drunken man, in the absence of her husband, usurped his place by her side, through the night, and pinched her, was asked what proof she could give that it was not her spouse. 'Oh! she replied, the fellow when he pinched me, said, 'my dear!' and 'my love!' which are words that my husband never uttered in all his life-time!'

A shrewd nutmeg vender, remarkable for taking a hint, being asked why he gave up visiting a buxom, good looking girl in the neighborhood, replied he was kicked out of doors the last time he went to see her, and that was hint enough for him!
A letter from Napoleon to Josephine. 'I have not received your letter in which you blame me for speaking ungallantly of women.—It is true that I hate intriguing women above all things. I have been accustomed to amiable, gentle and conciliating women: those are the women I love. If they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. You will see that I have been very kind to one who proved herself amiable and affectionate—I mean Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she wept, and exclaimed with deep feeling and simplicity, 'Ah! it is indeed his writing.' When she read it, the tones of her voice went to the heart. I was moved, and I said to her, 'Well, Madame, throw the letter into the fire, and I shall have no power to punish your husband.' She burned the letter, and was happy. Her husband is now safe—two

hours later, and he would have been shot.—You see that I love women who are gentle and unaffected, because they alone resemble you. Adieu, my beloved Josephine. I am well.
NAPOLEON.

Statistics of the Globe. The population of the globe is estimated variously from 600,000,000 to 800,000,000; the geographical square miles at nearly 68,000,000, or 49,000,000 English square miles. The population to a square mile is, in Europe 61, in Asia 27, Africa 10, America 3, Oceania less than 1; the average of all about 17. The densest population in any whole province or state, is in Hamburg, where it is 1302 to a square mile. It is 980 in Bremen, 763 in Frankfurt, 523 in Lubec, 464 in Lucca (Italy), 292 in Belgium, 314 in Saxony, 277 in Holland, 257 in Great Britain, the Sicilies 236, 208 in France, Austria 165, Prussia 155, Portugal 121, Denmark 119, Spain 101, Turkey 63, Greece 51, Russia 37.

In Asia some provinces have a population of from 200 to 500 to the square mile; Japan 139, China 42, Siam 57, English India Empire 135. In Africa, Morocco has 46, Tunis 45, and some of the interior kingdoms a little more. In America, Hayti has 36, Central America 12, Chili 10 United States 7 1-2, Mexico 6.

The votaries of the different religions are reckoned as follows by Pinkerton:—Christianity 235,000,000, Judaism, 5,000,000, Mahometan 120,000,000, Bramanism 60,000,000, Buddhism 180,000,000, all others 100,000,000. [Merc. Journ.]

A Powerful Magnet. Professor Henry of Princeton College has recently constructed a magnet capable of raising between 3 and 4000 pounds.

PROSPECTUS
OF THE
Complete Periodical LIBRARY.
Forty-eight pages weekly—nearly 2,500 large Octavo pages a year, for Five Dollars, furnishing annually select reading equal to fifty volumes of common size.

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We shall give near 2,500 pages annually, equal to fifty common sized books! Every work published in the Library will be complete in itself. A title page will be given with each volume, so that the subscriber, if he please may sell, or give it away, without injury to any of the others; or it may be bound up at the pleasure of the subscriber.
This work presents an extraordinary feature unknown to any other periodical in the country. The subscription price may be considered a mere loan for a year, as the work, at the year's end will sell for cost, and in many parts of the United States it will bring double its original cost to the subscriber.

The works published in "The Complete Periodical Library" will be of the highest character, both as regards the author and his subject. New works of approved merit, will be sent out to the Editor by every arrival from Europe, giving him an unlimited field to select from, while care will be taken to make his publication equal any thing of the kind in America.

The first number will be issued on the 8th of May next, & regularly every Wednesday thereafter, secured in handsome printed covers, and on fine white paper at \$5 per annum, payable in advance. Clubs remitting \$20 will be supplied with five copies for that sum; agents at the same rate.

T. K. GREENBANK.
No. 9, Franklin Place, Philadelphia.

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Executed with neatness
and despatch at this
OFFICE

GOOD & CHEAP.
JAMES LONGLEY offers for Sale at his Store in South Paris, a good assortment of English, French, Domestic, Dry Goods, and Groceries. Crockery, Glass, and Hard Ware. Said goods are new and fresh, and will be sold on an average, quite as low as Portland prices, except heavy articles, such as Molasses, Salt, &c.
Cash Paid for Corn, Butter, and Lamb Pelts.
South-Paris, August 27, 1833.

Strayed
From the enclosure of the subscriber, about the 1st of October, last, a dark brown or black COLT, one year old, with a star in his forehead. Whoever will return said Colt, or give information where he may be found, shall be liberally rewarded.
SAMUEL H. HOUGHTON.
Washburns Mills, Paris, Nov. 11 1833.

Administrator's Sale.
TO be sold at public Auction on Saturday the 7th day of December next, at the dwelling house of Mr. Thompson in Paris, in the County of Oxford, by license from the Judge of Probate for said County, all the right, title and interest in the real estate formerly occupied by Levi Rawson, which Sylvanus Sturtevant late of said Paris, deceased, had in said estate and the right of redeeming the same.—The terms and a particular description of said estate will be made known at the time and place of Sale.
LEWIS J. STURTEVANT, Adm'r.
Paris, October 17, 1833.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Copartnership of the Subscribers is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The demands due them, will remain a few weeks with Asa Thayer Jr., after which, they will be left with an Attorney for collection, if not paid.
TIMOTHY FORD,
ASA THAYER JR.
Paris, Oct. 19, 1833. 10 if

CHAISES, SLEIGHS, &c.
THE Subscriber has established himself at Stowell's Mills, South Paris, where he carries on the COACH and CHAISE Making business in all its branches, in the most fashionable style and the best manner. Carriages repaired and painted at short notice and on reasonable terms.
Aug. 5, 1833. (6m) ROBERT SKILLINGS.

MAINE DAILY JOURNAL.
LUTHER SEVERANCE will continue the publication of the MAINE DAILY JOURNAL during the ensuing session of the Legislature. The Journal when bound makes a very pretty volume, and is convenient for preservation and future reference as well as present reading, giving a full and tolerably accurate account of the legislative proceedings of the year, with other current matter, all for the small sum of ONE DOLLAR. It ought to be in the possession of every politician.

The publication of the Daily Journal, with the debates in both houses of the Legislature, involves considerable expense and much labor, which can only be remunerated by a handsome list of subscribers. To obtain these the publisher relies on the friendly influence of those who have been his readers heretofore, not only political friends, but all who wish for a faithful and impartial report of legislative proceedings.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident owners and proprietors of the lands in the town of Greenwood in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, that the same are taxed in the bills committed to the undersigned collector for the town of Greenwood, for the years eighteen hundred and thirty one, and eighteen hundred and thirty two, in their respective sums following, viz:
For the year 1831.

Names of persons, if known.	No. of lots.	No. of acres.	Value.	Deduction high-ways 1831.	Tax.
South part unknown	3	40	30		36
Amos Towne	4	25	24		29
Do.	2	50	38		46
Do.	12	40	23		28
Do.	1	100	12		14
Formerly to B. Riggs	10	7	50	30	27
Do.	11	7	50	30	27
Supposed S. Morgan.	2	5	100	25	130
Supposed Cyrus Cole	8	5	100	25	130
For the year 1832.					
Amos Towne	4	25	23		28
John Needham	2	50	38		46
Formerly Moses Bradbury	4	25	23		28
Unknown	12	3	40	23	28
John Dacey	5	9	70	24	84
Unknown	1	3	100	12	95
Do.	2	100	30		160
Formerly to Cobb	4	5	100	6	53
Do.	4	5	100	25	117
Formerly to Wyman	8	5	100	25	53
Unknown	9	1	100	15	40
Do.	8	9	100	25	70
M. Riggs	7	9	100	10	35
Do.	4	4	103	35	116
Do.	1	5	100	22	72
Do.	1	6	100	22	72
Do.	5	9	100	12	30
Samuel Farlong	7	3	80	120	420
Formerly C. Fuller	12	1	100	50	170
Formerly to Parment	11	1	100	20	70
Unknown	2	5	100	25	269
Do.	8	1	80	12	50
Do.	6	8	100	10	47
Do.	7	8	100	10	47
Formerly to Merrell	7	6	100	30	15
Formerly Consider Cole	7	6	100	30	15

Unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me the subscriber on or before the 15th day of February next, so much of the said land as will discharge the same will then be sold at public auction, at the Inn of Seth B. Hilborn Esq. in said Greenwood, at ten of the o'clock in the forenoon on said day.
FRANCIS SHAW,
Collector of Greenwood.
October 1833.

THE PEARL AND LITERARY GAZETTE.
DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, LEGONDS, ESSAYS, TRAVELLING, LIT-ERARY, AND HISTORICAL SKETCHES, BIOG-RAPHY, &c.
ISAAC C. PRAY, JR. EDITOR.

VOLUME III.
It will be issued in semi-monthly numbers, each containing eight large quarto pages of miscellaneous and interesting matter, printed on a royal sheet of fine paper, embellished, monthly, with a piece of music for the Piano Forte. A handsome title page and index will be furnished, and the work at the end of the year will form a beautiful printed volume of 208 pages. It will be forwarded—enclosed in strong wrappers—to any part of the United States, by the earliest mails.

Each number will be accompanied by a printed cover, filled principally with advertisements, and as much as possible with those of new books, works in press, &c.
TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Postmasters and Agents will receive six copies by sending ten dollars. All letters of business, and remittances must be directed to The Pearl, Hartford, Conn. Communications may be directed to the editor. Postage in all cases must be paid.
WILLIAM A. HAWLEY, Publisher.

HARTFORD, AUG. 1833.

THE AGE--DAILY.

THE subscribers propose to resume the publication of the DAILY AGE, during the next session of the Legislature.
It will be printed, as heretofore, on the half of a large sheet, in the usual form, at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR for the session.
Any person procuring six subscribers, and remitting the amount of their subscription, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper.
Containing an early and correct account of the proceedings of the Legislature, and impartial sketches of the more important and exciting debates, it will be read with present interest, and form a convenient and valuable volume for future reference. Political matter of interest and notices of passing events will aid in giving it the variety usually sought for in the columns of a newspaper.

The publication is laborious and expensive, and cannot be sustained without a large number of subscribers. We rely upon the liberality and exertions of our Friends, to render the burden as light as possible. I. BERRY & CO.

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IS one of the most efficacious compounds in the Materia Medica, for the cure of that class of inveterate Diseases, produced by an impure state of the blood, and a vitiated habit of body, and usually exhibiting themselves in the form of *Scorfula, Salt Rheum, Leprosy, St. Anthony's Fire, Fever Sore, (even when the bones are affected,) White Swellings, (if applied with Dr. Jobb's Liniment,) Foul and Obsolete Ulcers, Sore Legs and Erys, Scald-head in Children, Scurvy and Scorbutic Gout, Pimples or Carbuncled faces, Festering Eruptions, and Venereal Taints, throughout the body, in which last case the Drops often cure when Mercury fails. They are also the best Spring and Autumnal Physic to purify and cleanse the system from humors which frequently appear at these seasons of the year. They also aid the process of digestion, and by purifying the blood, prevent the secretion of malignant humors on the lungs. The Proprietor confidently relies upon the vast number of surprising cures effected by these Drops, not only in Boston and its vicinity, but throughout the Union, for the best proof of their excellence as an unfailing Alternative Medicine, in all the cases above specified. This article has recently been pronounced by a physician of the first respectability, who had witnessed its surprising efficacy, as entitled, in his opinion, to take the lead of all the popular articles, known for the above complaints, and indeed it is fast gaining this point in public estimation, throughout the country.
Price \$1 a bottle, or, six bottles for \$5.*

None are genuine unless signed on the outside printed wrapper, by the sole proprietor, Dr. KIDDER, immediate successor to the late Dr. W. T. Conway.—For sale at his Counting Room, over No. 99, Court-st. near Concert Hall, Boston, and also by his special appointment, by E. LIVERMORE, Norway Village, who has also for sale all of the justly celebrated medicines prepared by him. e5pny.

NOTICE.
WHEREAS Melihable Moulton, my wife, has left my bed and board, without sufficient cause, this is to forbid all persons from trusting or harboring her on my account, as I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting after this date.
PERKINS P. MOULTON.
Bethel, Oct. 8, 1833.

BLANKS FOR SALE, by ISAAC HARLOW.
Paris-Hill, Oct. 8, 1833

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From the N
EXECUTION OF
The mournful
new Eschevins of
themselves, mou-
themselves aroun-
lately pronounced.
The two executi-
blocks, and leant
against them; y
ready to go throu-
sad function. Th
after; and sever-
council—but Abbe
them—closed the
ly vacant space le-
arms, half conceal-
embroidery, follo-
dressed attendants
the crowd, and th
of the scaffold, on
the Vert Gallant h
crossed his arms up
and stood gazing u
proceeding above,
faction.
The Lord of In-
to the front of th
upon the multitude
pale, it is true; bu
he strode the coun-
his power; and n
twinkle of the eye
such a think as len-
"Must I die with
mon felon?" he said
"Not if your Lord-
out offering resist-
"I am prepared
"to die as I have li-
lessly."

The executioner
and the Vert Gallant
the crowd, apparen-
ity of his followers
bely, and loosened
Imbercourt, at the
as far as possible, a
and the whole mult-
found silence; wh
the still hush—just
nut was passing rou-
burgher guards, till
the scaffold itself—
which would have
other circumstances
the crowd exclaim-
God's sake let me
my faithful servants
mercy let me pass!
"It is the Princess
a number of voices:
and, by an involun-
compassion, the pe-
either side, and Mar-
mourning, of an or-
caped from her veil
shoulders, her face
hands clasped in ag-
the open space, and
knees before the pe-
cloud the only word
them—spare them!"
"Yes, yes," cried
crowd, "we will spa-
has not the Prince
mercy? Hark ye,
for Martin Froue!
will save them."

"Back, false citize-
alter in the glitterin-
"What, would you
dice? By the sun
the death? And, di-
himself between the
All was now t-
one instant it seeme-
it strife had seized u
itude. Some shout-
oy for them." Som-
the traitors! Pike-
were drawn on all s-
were as much divi-
Burgundy was born
old; and those up-
paralyzed with sur-
scares and burgone-
were seen forcing
the press, in spite of
same moment the th
Gallant was heard r-
"On, on to the scaf-
cried, "Lord of In-
you are among Ives
Imbercourt might
instantly seized by